

# Minstrel In the Gallery

## Jethro Tull

The minstrel in the gallery  
Looked down upon the smiling faces.  
He met the gazes observed the spaces  
Between the old men's cackle.  
He brewed a song of love and hatred,  
Oblique suggestions and he waited.  
He polarized the pumpkin-eaters,  
Static-humming panel-beaters,  
Freshly day-glow'd factory cheaters  
(salaried and collar-scrubbing.)  
He titillated men-of-action  
Belly warming, hands still rubbing  
On the parts they never mention.  
He pacified the nappy-suffering, infant-bleating,  
One-line jokers, TV documentary makers  
(overfed and undertakers.)  
Sunday paper backgammon players  
Family-scarred and women-haters.  
Then he called the band down to the stage  
And he looked at all the friends he'd made.  
The minstrel in the gallery  
Looked down upon the smiling faces.  
He met the gazes observed the spaces  
In between the old men's cackle.  
He brewed a song of love and hatred,  
Oblique suggestions and he waited.  
He polarized the pumpkin-eaters,  
Static-humming panel-beaters, The minstrel in the gallery  
Looked down on the rabbit-run.  
And threw away his looking-glass -  
Saw his face in everyone. He titillated men-of-action  
Belly warming, hands still rubbing  
On the parts they never mention.  
(salaried and collar-scrubbing.)  
He pacified the nappy-suffering, infant-bleating,  
One-line jokers, TV documentary makers  
(overfed and undertakers.)  
Sunday paper backgammon players  
Family-scarred and women-haters.  
Then he called the band down to the stage  
And he looked at all the friends he'd made. The minstrel in the gallery  
Looked down on the rabbit-run.

And threw away his looking-glass -  
And saw his face in everyone. The minstrel in the gallery  
Looked down upon the smiling faces.  
He met the gazes...  
The minstrel in the gallery

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